

Buffalo Courier.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1861.

VOL. 8.—NO. 13.

THE JOURNAL.

INTERESTING WAR NEWS.

Somewhat of a sensation was produced on the 20th in the western section of Baltimore by the Provost Marshal sending a large force of police to Miller's Hotel, at the corner of German and Race streets, seizing the whole establishment with all its contents, including a large number of horses and the contents of the bar-room, safe and vault. The object of this movement is said to prostrate the mail arrangements of the rebel sympathizers there. It is supposed that from this hotel there has been a regular communication kept up with teams to West river and thence to Virginia. The proprietors of the house are not suspected, being generally regarded as Union men, but it is supposed that certain employees or lodgers have been receiving and transmitting letters to forward to secession. A number of letters were seized, but have not been examined. Two parties, Wm Hart and John Earl were arrested. The nature of the evidence against them is not known.

A letter from Port Royal dated the 16th, states Gen. Sherman on the 24th, sent one of his aids, Lieut. Wagner, under a flag of truce to carry his proclamation to the people of South Carolina. Lieut. Wagner was accompanied by Dr. Bacon of the Sixth Connecticut regiment. They proceeded within two miles of Gardner's corner place, opposite Port Royal ferry, which was said to be occupied by rebel troops and there had an interview with the rebel officers under the flag of truce. The latter admitted that the depredations on the property of the citizens of Beaufort were the work of the blacks, and entirely exculpated our troops from any complicity with them. On their return they met a squad of rebel cavalry, who gave them fodder for their horses. Col. Canby having made a requisition upon the Governor of New Mexico for twelve thousand militia men for the United States Army service, the latter issued an order to the Major Generals of divisions in which he designated the proportion of men each is to furnish. The forces thus raised will be stationed at the different posts in the territory to garrison them whilst the regulars and volunteers are in service in the field. Four hundred men will be stationed at Fort Union, four hundred at Albuquerque, four hundred at Santa Fe and two hundred at Fort Craig.

The Memphis Appeal says: "A journey from Richmond to Memphis now occupies four days, owing to the destruction of the bridges in east Tennessee. Two of these bridges were costly, and cannot be speedily rebuilt. The railroad managers are using every effort to keep up the communication between them by ferries and temporary bridges." Great excitement prevailed along the route, especially at Knoxville. Parson Brownlow had left for parts unknown. Five hundred Unionists were reported to be at Uniontown when the bridge was destroyed.

A letter has been received by Capt. Charles Gandy, Assistant Adjutant General to Landers' brigade from Col. Lee of the 20th Massachusetts regiment now a prisoner at Richmond. Col. Lee states that he and the other imprisoned officers have been very kindly treated, and makes inquiries as to the disposition made of the enemy captured at Ball's Bluff. The rebels say that fewer of the Massachusetts officers would have been killed had they not been too proud to surrender.

The gun-boat Conestoga on an exploring expedition up the Tennessee river on the 19th, discovered a rebel battery near the Tennessee line. She threw one shell, which routed the rebels. Still further up another battery was discovered, and she engaged the rebels and again routed them with a number killed. The Conestoga was but slightly damaged in the encounter. She returned the next day.

The advice brought by the steamer Atlantic gives assurance that the portion of the Federal troops at Port Royal is considered safe. Extensive works are rapidly progressing and guns are being mounted. The entrenchments extend to Seville, about five miles from the fort on Hilton Head, and are under the supervision of Capt. Gilmore.

The oath not to bear arms against the United States has been administered to twenty-nine rebel prisoners at the old capitol; another has signified his desire to take the oath of allegiance. These proceedings are preliminary to their release from the rebel authorities.

A letter from Charleston dated October 3rd, sent by Havana to a gentleman in England and thence remailed to New York city, was received here yesterday. The writer represents the condition of affairs as deplorable. Business was prostrated, provisions at starvation prices, and no prospect of a change for the better.

The reported transfer of Zollicoffer's forces from Cumberland Gap to Easton, Ky., was unfounded. The latest Nashville and Memphis papers show that Zollicoffer was still at the Gap with 5,000 troops. A brigade of Tennesseans, under Gen. Carroll's order, were sent to reinforce Zollicoffer from Middle Tennessee.

A special dispatch received here from Fortress Monroe, dated the 20th, states that Lieutenant Warden, released by the rebels, says that the intelligence of the arrest of Mason and Sliedell caused great excitement among the rebels, who rejoiced in the prospect of retaliation by England.

Tenders of troops continue to be made to the War Department, and it is probable that before the meeting of Congress the half million authorized to be accepted will be supplied. Offers of additional regiments of cavalry are declined owing to a sufficiency of that branch of the army.

Reliable information reached Jefferson City on the 20th, that our cavalry under Major Hugh had overtaken and captured the Rebels who seized our supply train, near Warrensburg, on Monday last. About one hundred and fifty prisoners were taken, and the wagons recovered.

Governor Harris, of Tennessee, in a proclamation dated the 12th inst., urgently appeals for private assistance to arm the five regiments of Tennessee rebel troops now in camp, and threatens peremptorily to disband them if no arms be furnished.

The report of an attempted attack on Wilson's Zouaves by the rebels received via Havana is confirmed. The rebels were shelled from the Island by the Colorado and retreated to Pensacola. The health of Wilson's Zouaves is excellent.

be taken care of and perhaps found something to do; when they replied "Thank God for dat, mas'r."

A BRAVE BOY.—On the ship *Bienvenue*, particular mention was made and special thanks returned, in presence of the ship's company, to William Henry Steele, a boy not fourteen years old, from New York, who conducted himself with distinguished bravery. He is a powder boy, and not only never flinched or dodged a shot, but when two men were killed at his gun, he did not turn pale or cease for an instant his duties, but handed the cartridge he had in his hand to the gunner, stepped carefully over the bodies and hastened below for more ammunition.

CONVERSATIONS WITH CONTRABANDS.—Two negroes who were brought in to Fort Walker, said they belonged to Mrs. Pinckney of Charleston, and came down to "see what de white people all ran away when de ships came up, crying 'Great God! Great God! Great God!' de Yankees are coming; fire de boats!" Other slaves reported that "when de white folks see de little boats coming up, dey laffed at dem; but when they see de big checker-d striped vessels comin'; they laffed on de oder side der moufs."

THREE HUNDRED MEN BURIED IN A MINE.—The foreign papers give accounts of a terrible casualty in the department of Gard, France, caused by the bursting of a water spring—the bursting of a water spring, according to some statements—the Lalle mine was flooded, and the sides fell in burying all the working men. An explosion of gas took place at the same time, by which a portion of the mine was blown up. The number of men missing, and considered as killed by the accident, is nearly three hundred. The casualty took place on the 13th ult. The *Gazette de Madi* publishes the following account: The mine had been flooded by the late land-slip took place and more than one hundred workmen were either smothered or drowned. The Prefect of the Gard, having been apprised of the circumstances at ten at night, left his residence, accompanied by several public functionaries and by the chief engineer of the department, and proceeded to the mine in a special train. On arriving at the scene of the disaster it was ascertained that one hundred and seventeen miners were missing, and that 1,800,000 cubic yards of water had rushed into the mine, and caused numerous landslips. The engineers are of opinion that it will require three months to pump out the water. Public rumor casts the blame on the engineers, but the fact is that a water spring burst and caused a torrent, which rushed into the mine with such violence and rapidly that even the overseers had not time to save themselves. An explosion of gas took place at the same time, by which a portion of the mine was blown up. Though every means of rescuing the victims have been taken, there is but little probability of saving the lives of those who are buried in the mine. The utmost that can be done is to bring the dead bodies to the surface. The number of working men missing, and considered as killed by the accident, is nearly three hundred.

CONFISCATION OF NORTHERN PROPERTY IN THE SOUTH.—It is stated, in the journals of the day, that Jefferson Davis has lately declared it to be the intention of the Southern rebels to confiscate everything in the shape of Northern property in the Confederate States, and that this will amount to about eight hundred millions of dollars. The outside amount of loss to the loyal States cannot, however, we think, be over four to five hundred millions—a large sum, and there is sufficient malice and dishonesty, we do not question, on the part of Southern leaders to induce them to carry out their menace. Two, however, let the South know, can play at this game. By the 1st of January our armies will have obtained a strong foothold in South Carolina, and Georgia; our armies will have advanced into the heart of Tennessee and Virginia; nearly half a million of brave, loyal and victorious troops, will have opened some of the principal forts of the South and insurrection will be at the mercy of the federal Government. The planters and slaveholders of the South, who have been so persistent in treason, will see the 4,000,000 of slaves, they now own, transferred to the possession of those loyal citizens of the South, who are anxiously awaiting the opportunity to greet with rejoicing the elevation everywhere of our glorious flag, and the shameful confiscations of Jeff. Davis and his associates will be amply retaliated. Six hundred millions of property in slaves and cotton alone will be lost to those actively engaged in treason, without taking into account their possessions in real estate and personal property.

PATENT SERMON FOR THE TIMES.—It is a miserable propensity that gloats over the dark side of affairs, and employs itself in chinking up every chink and cranny through which a ray of hopeful light can creep in to comfort a body. The day may be full of storm and tempest; but when did a gale blow forever? The night may be pitchy dark; but when has the blessed morning failed to come? Never, verily. Worry ourselves as we may, there is a beneficent Being at the helm of the universe, whose tender mercies are over all his works. What though he sends a day of cloud, the next day's sunlight is all the brighter for it; what though he vouchsafes a week of pain, how much more richly do we enjoy the months and years of health that follow! Certes, it is sorely trying to the flesh of an enterprising man to find business lag, while day after day steals slowly along and brings nothing to call into play his energies of mind or body. But will grumbling help the case? Not a whit. Let him go to work and mend matters if he can; but he cannot, which is tolerably probable; let him console himself with the reflection that he is not at fault, and be thankful that affairs are no worse. A good time is coming, and will come early or late; impatience will not hurry it along. In the meantime, let us all feel, look and speak hopefully. It is good philosophy and better religion, and will pay well in comfort, and more likely, in dollars too. Besides, it saves the nerves and helps the health generally. So be it.

The Louisville Journal says Zollicoffer's only military achievement thus far is the whipping of one of his spies who led him into the Wild Cat disaster.

The assessed value of the real estate and personal property of the city of St. Louis is \$85,503,551.

the most exact precision their murderous firing even nearer than before. firing more effectually than ever, and again steaming away unburned, and turning the point for still another round.

PANIC AND ROUT OF THE REBELS.—The utmost consternation now took possession of the rebels, and in an uncontrollable panic they fled with the utmost precipitation. The panic at Bull Run was not more complete; indeed, not half so much so, for the rebels in their terror ran for the woods without stopping for anything whatever. They left in their tents hundreds of dollars of money, gold watches, costly swords, and other valuables, showing that their fear was uncontrollable and complete.

RAISING THE U. S. FLAG.—Upon discovering the flight of the rebels Capt. John Rogers, now commander of the sloop-of-war *Flag*, who had been on board the *Wabash*, acting as aid to Flag Officer Dupont during the fight, was at once sent on shore in a boat with a flag of truce to ascertain if the flight was real or a ruse. He found the fort entirely deserted, and immediately with his own hand ran up the stars and stripes on the ramparts. At precisely three o'clock p. m., of Thursday, Nov. 7, 1861, the American flag was planted in South Carolina, on a South Carolina fort, for the first time since it was hauled down at the disgraceful capture of Fort Sumter.

THE REBELS' HASTY FLIGHT.—In their hurry the rebels left their tents standing, and left everything not already upon their persons. The tents were filled with clothing, arms, food, bedding, and everything usually pertaining to a camp. In some of the tents were tables with everything laid for dinner, and covered with a bountiful supply of cold meats, bread, biscuit, etc. About two thousand dollars in gold and silver were left in one place; and many other valuable articles and considerable sums of South Carolina paper money were also found.

AMMUNITION TAKEN.—Among the spoils are three hundred muskets, the complete camp equipage of three regiments, fifty cannon, and immense quantities of ammunition. It is a noticeable fact that all the powder is the very best English powder, that many of the cartridges are of English make, and that some of the projectiles for the rifled cannon are of a kind unknown in our service, but which answer to the description of certain new English inventions. The muskets are our own Springfield rifled musket, and together with the camp equipage, and the clothing found, are of the very best quality.

FLUCK OF OUR MEN.—Many of the men had never been in a battle, but, as far as known, not a single man flinched or faltered. The officers look upon their men as already veterans in point of bravery, coolness and utter indifference to danger.

COST OF THE BATTLE.—According to a published statement, the estimated cost of the expedition is as follows: Rent of the vessels up to this time say \$5,000,000; Pay of the soldiers, etc., \$630,000; Value of rations, \$220,000; Clothing worn out, \$165,000; Powder burned, \$28,000; Vessels lost, \$160,000; Total, \$4,903,000. This estimate includes all expenses from the first enlistment of the men, up to the time of the battle.

INCIDENT.—The moment Gen. Drayton took to his horse in the panic of the 7th, his two hundred servants went directly to the *Wabash*. This is worthy of notice as putting down the romance that the slaves were ready to fight for their masters. They surrounded Capt. Ammon in crowds at Beaufort—one of them calling out in the joy of his heart, "I didn't think you could do it, massa." So says an extract from a private letter from an officer engaged in the bombardment.

THE NEGROES' TRAINING.—Early in the morning after the victory the plantation negroes began to come into camp, and with the genuine African instinct for trade, each had provided himself with a turkey, a shoulder of bacon, or two shoulders and a brace of hams in the shape of a struggling porker, which he bore kicking and squealing under his arm. It was amusing to see the pertinacity with which the fellows would cling to their prize, even while being questioned under a guard of soldiers. The inmates, and afterward, the rimless crown of straw which did duty as a hat, was jerked off and the negro would stand scraping and bowing, answering the questions, as well as he could, with the noisy and struggling beast distracting his attention. All seemed ready to work.

A BRAVE SAILOR.—The case of Thomas Jackson, coxswain of the *Wabash*, deserves notice. He was struck by a shot, or a splinter, which nearly cut his leg off as to leave it hanging but by a small portion of the muscle and skin. Partially raising and leaning painfully against a gun, Jackson glanced at his mangled limb, and in an instant perceived its hopeless condition. Feeling behind his back in his belt, where seamen always carry their knives, he drew his sheath-knife from its scabbard and deliberately began to saw away at his leg, but his knife was dull and he could not cut the limb off. As he was borne below by his mates, and asked, "how did you do?" he replied, "I hope we'll win." In two hours he died, his last words being a wish for our victory in this battle, and a word of thanks that he had been able to do something for the honor of the "dear old flag."

THE YANKEES COMING.—One negro approached and said: "O Lord, massa, we're so glad to see you. We've prayed and prayed the good Lord that he would send you Yankees, and we know you're coming." Dr. Craven asked, "How could you know that?" You can't read the paper, how did you get the news?" The darkey replied, "No, massa, we can't read, but we can listen. Massa and misses uses to read, and sometimes they's would read aloud, and then we would listen so"—making an expressive gesture, indicative of listening at a key-hole—"When I see git a chance, I see would listen, and Jim would listen, and we put the bits together, and we know'd the Yankees were coming. Bless the Lord, massa." This shows how the slaves obtain their information.

SLAVES OF ALL COLORS.—One correspondent says that the slaves at Beaufort are of all colors. Darkies of genuine Congo physique, and darkies of the genuine Uncle Tom pattern, darkies young and jubilant, darkies middle-aged, and eager, and gray-haired solemn-looking fellows. Such as came in were huddled in a shed near the Fort. A naval officer in passing looked in an asked, "Well, well, what are you all about?" The response was, "Dat's jest what we'd like to find out, mas'r." The officer then assured them that they would

THE BATTLE OF BEAUFORT.

Further Particulars and Incidents.

ATTACK BY REBEL GUNBOATS.—Whilst several of our gunboats were engaged in taking soundings, previous to the engagement, five Rebel gunboats suddenly appeared from behind a head which had hitherto concealed them. They boldly ran down, and, without hesitation, engaged our gunboats. The skirmish was a sharp one, lasting about three quarters of an hour, and terminating in the complete triumph of our boats, and the retirement of the Rebel steamers.

THE PLAN OF ATTACK.—The attack was simple, admirable and effective, being neither more nor less than for the ships to steam in a circle, or ellipse, running close to one shore as they came down the river, drifting or steaming as slowly as possible past the batteries there, and paying their fiery respects, then making the turn to go back, and as they went up the river, favoring the other batteries with a similar compliment—the game to be continued *ad libitum*, or until the rebel flag came down.

THE VESSELS MOVE INTO LINE.—At about half-past nine o'clock they began their magnificent march, in an appointed order, as nearly as they could be seen, through the water. The first round it was found feasible and more effective to change slightly the plan, and proceed in a single line, which was done in obedience to orders signalled from the flagship. The strangeness of the sight of this fine fleet, now so quiet, but bearing a more destructive armament, moving so gracefully in precise lines to bloody slaughter, the moody shores where as yet the only moving things were the waving palmetto trees and the flitting birds and butterflies; and the knowledge that the white decks were so soon to be slippery with blood, and the whiter sands of the beach so soon to drink deeply of the same precious fluid, was scarcely thought of by the excited throng that looked so eagerly on, and were only anxious for the deadly work to begin.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE ACTION.—The action commenced at precisely ten a. m., the first shot being from the Hilton Head fortification at the flag ship, and three guns were fired before we replied. The shots then elicited a reply. The entire broadsides of the *Wabash*, composed of two batteries of twenty-six guns each, and the pivot gun, at once poured in their fearful storm of shells upon the batteries on both sides of the river at once. The men, who had stripped to their work, instantly reloaded the guns, and as the frigate moved with just sufficient speed to give her steerage-way, and keep her under control, she had the battery in range for twenty minutes. After the first fire she used only the starboard guns.

MORE REBEL BATTERIES.—As soon as the action fairly commenced, a fact, that had before been merely suspected was plainly demonstrated—that in the gunboat reconnaissance of Tuesday morning, though that brisk affair before its close assumed almost the proportions of a battle, the rebels had, with their customary shrewdness, concealed, or rather, had not shown, the full strength of their batteries. They now brought their full force into play, and disclosed several more guns than they had used in the affair of Tuesday, but, luckily, no more than we were fully prepared to attend to.

THE LOCATION.—The peculiar make of the river is such that not more than eight or nine ships could bring their guns to bear on the shore batteries at the same time, but even then the sight was one of the most magnificent conceivable. Eight vessels would deliver a broadside of not less than fifty guns at a single fire, led by the battery of the *Wabash* of twenty-seven guns, and as each gun could be loaded and discharged once in a minute at the very lowest estimate, and being in range about 20 minutes, it will be seen that more than fifty bombs and other terribly destructive projectiles were rained into the Hilton Head fortification every minute that the fleet was within range.

EFFECT OF THE FIRING.—Nothing could stand before this fiery storm—guns were hurled from their carriages; houses were knocked into heaps of mortar and brick, and beams and boards; the formidable fort walls, of the solidest masonry, were in places torn and splintered, and the tough trunks, of the pitch pine woods, were shivered, twisted, wrenched, and cut off like slender reeds.

HEAVY EXPLOSIONS.—The rebels had confidently calculated on being able to sink the entire fleet in twenty minutes, as we learned from some copies of Southern papers, and from some of the rebel letters, many of which fell into our hands, and in several of which the result is confidently predicted, and was looked upon almost as an accomplished fact. The utter destruction of the entire expedition was considered so positively assured, and their belief in the ability of their batteries to put an effectual quietus upon Lincoln's fleet was so perfect, that in one or two of the documents the writers lamented the necessity they should be under of sending the ships to the bottom, when the Confederates are so much in need of ships. It was taken for granted that the tremendous execution to be done by their heavy guns would perforate the hulls of our ships, and send them to the bottom instantly. Having this confident expectation, the rebels looked eagerly after each fire to see some of our ships go down. They especially concentrated their guns on the *Wabash*.

CHARGE OF THE REBELS.—The prisoners informed us that their officers were much surprised that the *Wabash* persisted in remaining afloat. When the ships had all passed their battery in safety for the first time, and had "peppered them well," and had all got off without apparent injury, the astonishment was great, and the universal impression began to prevail that there was some mistake. For the second time the fleet came steaming down; for the second time they poured in that terrible fire, dismantling the guns, shattering the buildings, and stretching in death numbers of their men; and for the second time the fleet passed on in safety, showing not the slightest sign of any intention of going to the bottom.

THIRD TERRIBLE ROUND OF THE FLEET.—Without paying more attention to the barking of the battery at Fort Beauregard, on Bay Point, than to pitch them an occasional shot merely to let them know they were not forgotten, for the third time the fleet rounded their circular track, and came slowly down to pay their respects again. Again was the whole fire of the fort concentrated on the *Wabash*, and afterward in turn on each one of the ships, as they passed in a fiery procession before the shore, delivering with the utmost coolness and

In company with a number of young persons she paid a visit of mere curiosity to the famous flower garden, and fell in love at first sight with the handsome proprietor, who responded to her affection with equal ardor. The fruits of their union, within three years, were a son and daughter, who, as a matter of course, became the idols of their fond mother and father—for it seems to be a general, if not a psychological law that human parents love their children in proportion to their passionate tenderness for each other. A charming white cottage was their home in the flower garden and the business of the happy horticulturist prospered more than ever so that with the addition of the ample fortune brought into matrimonial partnership by his beautiful companion, he might well be considered, for that country, a man of wealth.

One bright morning of mid-summer, upon his return from a neighboring city, the gardener was astonished to find his lovely wife in a paroxysm of tears, and evincing other tokens of the utmost terror and anguish. But all his entreaties failed to elicit any explanation from her lips, except the assurance that she felt oppressed by the dark foreshadowing of some unknown and mysterious, but dreadful danger. However, after she became a degree more tranquil, he went an affair of importance to arrange, he went to town.

On his arrival he was accosted in the street by a person he did not recollect to have seen before. The stranger was a man of middle age, with coarse, sinister features, gleaming black eyes, raven hair streaked with silver and a massive form revealing the appearance of herculean strength and agility. He was dressed in rich black cloth, cut in the latest fashion and profusely disfigured, rather than adorned, with gems and precious ornaments. A huge golden seal, enclosing a costly stone, tangled from his heavy watch chain, which he twirled incessantly with his fingers. He spoke in a loud, brusque tone: "Mr. Parks—say that is your name—allow me to introduce myself, I am Colonel Powers, of New Orleans, and have visited Texas in search of runaway slaves. I am told that you harbor them."

"You have been misinformed," replied the gardener sternly. "There is not a slave or even a colored person on my plantation."

"No, sir, I am not mistaken. The woman that you call your wife is a slave, and was actually born in my kitchen. Here is a bill of sale, containing the names of her father and mother, for whose bodies I paid down three thousand dollars. There you behold the seal of the recorder's court!"

The other reeled as if he had been struck a terrible blow with an iron hammer, and gasped out—

"Merciful God! it cannot be so. This man must be insane, or I am dreaming."

"If you doubt my word," twirling his watch chain angrily, "yonder comes old Judge Rice, who is familiar with the circumstances, and can prove every item of my assertion."

The individual alluded to, who had been a member of the New Orleans bar for many years, confirmed the stranger's story in all its particulars.

It would be impossible to give the faintest idea of the indescribable agony depicted in the countenance of Mr. Parks, as the astounding truth, with its horrible consequences, burst upon his soul, like a flash of lurid lightning. He turned pale as death, and staggered, as if about to fall to the earth; but, by a great effort, he wrestled with his grief, and, conquering, became apparently calm, but still as pallid as a piece of white paper.

"Why has this matter been kept a secret for so long?" the gardener demanded in tones of terrible meaning. "Was it a cunning device to win gold out of human tears and the blood of innocent hearts?"

The Colonel laughed with delight at the remembrance of his craft, boldly avowed his own infamy.

"Yes," he said, "I was smart. I noted how beautiful the slaves were, and I determined to make it pay to the highest figure. I had them well educated, and made them, fools, believe that they were free. Under this impression they removed to the Rio Grande. I gave them money, which they have increased with more than compound interest, and now I have come to get my pay for all my trouble."

And the unblushing villain twirled his watch chain joyously.

"How much do you expect me to pay for my wife and children?" inquired Parks with an awful smile.

"I must have ten thousand dollars, besides the return of her fortune, amounting to as much more," answered the Colonel, with the most business-like coolness.

"Scoundrel, coward, thief, assassin! you shall never own one cent from the earnings of my years of toil!" exclaimed Parks, in a voice of uncontrollable fury.

"Mind what you say, for I will have bloody satisfaction for every insulting word you employ," said the Colonel, growing white with rage.

"Then take it now!" shouted Parks, striking the other with such force in the face that he rolled on the ground.

But Powers suddenly regained his feet, and wiping the crimson streams from his mouth and nose, vociferated—

"I claim mortal satisfaction on the spot!"

"Yes, you shall have it—now—here!" replied the gardener, in a voice that resembled the wrathful yell of a demon.

Some accommodating bystanders, who had collected around the scene, proffered their services as seconds, and the terms of the duel were immediately arranged. It was settled that the two principals should each be armed with a pistol, and assuming their stations twenty yards apart, at the signal might stand or advance and fire which they pleased.

At the word, Parks moved calmly and steadily, with moderate steps, towards his enemy. The latter remained fixed as a marble statue in his position, with his arm elevated firmly, and his dark eye gleamed through the sights with deadly aim at his mortal mark. When the other arrived at the distance of ten paces the pistol pointed at his heart, exploded with a loud roar. But he faltered not—paused not—changed not his march. The bullet had hit a silver coin, which happened to be in the pocket of his vest, and that alone had saved his life. He never stopped until he was within three feet of his foe, when for the first time raising his weapon, he blew out the Colonel's brains.

Parks, with his family, and all the Gracias, the next day removed into Mexico, where they yet reside.

THE LOVER'S INVOCATION.

"Come to the trying, come!
The night is cold and drear!
The stars shine dim from their shrouded home,
Bring me sweet morning here;
The morning and the summer's smile
Are in thy presence rife,
Though the breath of the wintry wind the white
Breathes chill of the tide of life!"

The cold night passed, and the icy morn,
And sun-beams waked the flowers of spring,
And incense gifts on the light breeze borne,
A Rose from their gay enamelling;
And still it sounded low,
That sad imploring strain,
The prayer that passed where the dower-scents go,
Never to return again!

"Come to the trying, here!
The glorious moon is high,
The stars are burning warm and clear
Far up the vaulted sky;
But the breath of flowers is breathed in vain;
All heavily and drear!
The star-light looks so heart with pain;
Thou dost not meet me here!"

Spring's glories from the earth are gone,
The rose flowers lie crushed and dead;
The song has ceased in forest lone,
The summer minstrels all are fled.
List! for the waiting cry,
List! for the sorrowing moan;
Seek it in yonder blessed sky,
Love's blossom, lost and gone?

"Come to the trying now!
Love's voice is not in vain,
If earth yet holds thy being, thou!
Come to my heart again,
No more, and from the stars above
I hear thy summons new,
It calls me by thy changed love,
Come to thy trying, thou!"

THE SLAVE WIFE; OR THE SUDDEN DEED.

At the close of the Mexican war, the city of Brownsville, on the Texas bank of the Rio Grande river, and immediately opposite to Matamoros, sprung up suddenly as if by magic, developing the full growth of an urban community within the course of a few months.

This singular flow of emigration and rapid advancement in business was the result of the living spirit of American enterprise, the commercial passion of a restless people, eager alike for glory and gain.

Among the many adventurers who swarmed to the Rio Grande in the first prime of its golden promise was a young lawyer, one Clem Parks, recently from South Carolina. Although descended from an ancient line of ancestors, and bearing in his veins the blood of the Revolution, and having received a classical education, yet his father's views having squandered an immense fortune the life was left poor, to fight the fierce battle of life, relying altogether on his own resources, without hope of aid or comfort from kindred or friends.

Nature had endowed him with a handsome person, excellent judgment and true courage. On arriving at his new sphere of action, young Parks encountered an unexpected difficulty. He discovered that there was very little lucrative business transacted in the court, and this had already fallen into the hands of a few advocates, who managed adroitly to monopolize every case of the smallest importance. It was evidently impossible to sit down and patiently wait until matters would mend by the doubtful evolutions of time or chance. The price of board and lodging were dear, and his wardrobe needed renovation even before he was fitted to appear in the forum at all.

In this crisis of his fate he conceived a plan that looked like the light of reason, wild and visionary. He sold off his books at auction, and with the proceeds opened a garden, within a mile of the city, for the purpose of supplying the market with vegetables, which happened at that period to be extremely scarce, as the natives of the soil wanted both the will and the wisdom to turn the rich alluvial soil to any account. As the experiment flourished, and Mexican labor was very cheap, the ex-attorney urged his operations still further, and the little garden soon expanded into a field. To sum up the general result in a single sentence, the end of three years found him not only independent, but wealthy.

Having amassed sufficient fortune to satisfy his desires, he thought of selling out, and returning again to the profession which he had been forced to abandon, when an incident occurred to change his purpose. A family by the name of Gracia, assumed to be of Spanish origin, arrived at Brownsville, from New Orleans. They were apparently in affluent circumstances, intelligent, polished in their manners, and remarkably handsome in their persons. They were all dark featured, as is the fact with the race from which they claimed their descent. Indeed, they made it a matter of boast that a slight tincture of Moorish blood colored the current in their veins. Wealth possesses a golden key to unlock the most exclusive doors, and beauty has the force of fire to melt the hardest heart—so that the new addition to the society of the Rio Grande, as might well imagine, caused the utmost enthusiasm, and was hailed as an era in the history of frontier life.

There was one member of this comely household who immediately became an especial favorite in the community, and drew the admiring attention of every observer by the powers of her unspeakable loveliness. May Gracia was one of those rare combinations of graceful form, luminous features, and spiritual expression, that resembles the faultless ideas of imagination, or the radiant brightness of perfection which glitter in the bright dreams of early youth, rather than the shapes of flesh and blood that breathe common air and mingle with the things of earth. Her small, regular, exquisite face, revealed a complexion somewhat dark in its tints, but literally translucent, where the warm blood could be seen spreading its rich, rosy suffusion-like, undulating blush of maiden modesty. Her eyes of the deepest jet, appeared to swim in a sea of light—wild, waving and mixed with liquid fire. Her long, dark hair flowed freely around a head and bosom of indescribable symmetry.

But her very person possessed the most marvellous fascination of all. It was clear, silvery and ringing, with a gentle cadence in its tone, at the fall of each sentence, like the lipping murmur of soft winds among the pine tops.

Females of any description were scarce in the community, and this beautiful creature, who seemed to have dropped, as it were, suddenly from the clouds, before the end of six months, had refused half a hundred excellent suitors.

However, the little boy Cupid, who searches out every fair form as a mark for his slanting arrows, found this beautiful one at last,